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Canney's Music Store,
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TEAS AND COFFEES!

Our Teas are chosen by an expert. Every grade is subjected to careful inspection, and only those that stand the test perfectly are admitted here.

Oolong from the island of Formosa—not the inferior products from the Kenkang Valley. The English Breakfast Tea we sell is not surpassed—full bodied, fragrant, delicious. We are fully and amply stocked with the very best that grows in Teas—and the following price considerations are of great importance to all who drink Tea, and who think of thrift when buying it.

Best Formosa Oolong, Mixed, 45c Per Pound.

English Breakfast, 40c Per Pound.

Ceylon, 35c Per Pound.

Ames' Special Java and Mocha Coffee, Highest Possible Quality, the Favorite Brand of Fastidious Coffee Drinkers, Per Pound, 25c.

AMES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,
35 CONGRESS ST., PORTSMOUTH

Market Street

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS AND TABLETS

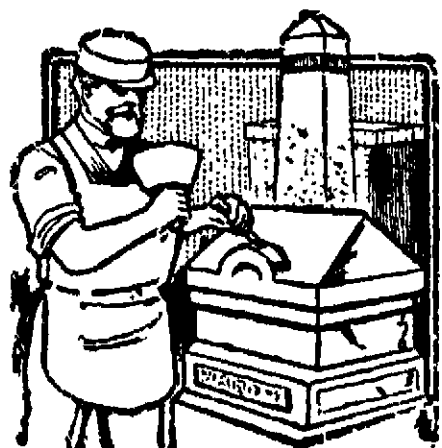
All work set with foundation of stone and cement.
First-class work and reasonable prices.

JOHN H. DOWD,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

**Lawn Grass Seeds In Bulk,
Vegetable Seeds,
Flower Seeds In Packages.**

A. P. WENDELL & CO.
2 MARKET SQUARE.



THE MAKING OF A MONUMENT.

We design and execute descriptions of monumental work in the best and most appropriate style, employing material which experience has shown to be best fitted to retain its color and quality.
We solicit an interview on the subject.

Thomas G. Lester

Shop and Yard

No. 2 Water Street.

CORBETT VICTOR

**Knocks Out McGovern In
Eleventh Round.**

**Brooklyn Boy Fought Gamely,
But Was Clearly Outclassed.**

**Twice Knocked Down In First And
Second Rounds And Badly Punished.**

San Francisco, Cal., April 1.—Young Corbett won from Terry McGovern tonight, by a clear knock-out in the eleventh round, thereby retaining the featherweight championship. The winner had the better of the fight all the way through.

Corbett weighed in at exactly 127 pounds, McGovern being several pounds lighter. Both men started in at a terrific pace.

McGovern was knocked down in the first round and was on the floor seven seconds. He was again felled by Corbett's fist in the second round, this time nearly going through the ropes.

After this, the pace slackened and McGovern continually burrowed into Corbett's ribs and kidneys and was once warned for striking low.

In the tenth round, Corbett appeared to be much the stronger and put numbers of blows into McGovern's face.

In the eleventh, after McGovern had tried to force Corbett, the latter sent his left to his opponent's jaw and the blow nearly put Terry out. Seeing McGovern's distressed condition, Corbett swung and landed a right, left and right on the other's jaw and sent him to his knees. Corbett then steadied himself and again landed squarely on McGovern's jaw and the little Brooklyn fighter went over on his back.



Terry McGovern.

He lifted his head when the referee had counted three and turned

over. His eyes were glassy and he was evidently much distressed. When seven seconds had elapsed, he attempted to get up, but was unable to do so, but when the count was completed and the referee had pronounced the fatal word, "ten," McGovern, dazed and clearly out, sprang to his feet, an instant too late. The referee swung his hand as a signal that the fight was over.

A FISHY STORY.

The Fishing Gazette is authority for the statement that if you catch ten fish, take them off the hook, throw them down on any reasonably smooth surface and let them flop until dead, it will be found that the heads of at least eight or nine of them will point toward the north. This is the beginning of the fishing season, when anything goes, but the fishy part of this story is that the head of the tenth fish should not be attracted toward the north in common with the others.

A CAT'S RIDE.

A cat made the trip from Boston to this city and return on Saturday last riding on the brake beam under the tender of the locomotive drawing the train reaching here at 9.25 a. m., and returning with the express leaving here at 10.20. And in all the switchings and turnings the cat never left the beam but once and that was in the station here, when the crowd, attracted by the presence of the feline, became too inquisitive.—Concord Patriot.

RIGHT YOU ARE.

The Company B basketball team of Portsmouth has defeated about everything in the state and can well lay claim to the championship. In spite of the fact that the basketball association with the long name and headquarters in Boston does not recognize the team.—Concord Monitor.

The buds and grass blades are indulging in their annual target practice—shooting.

What would you do the next time you have a hard cold if you couldn't get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral? Think it over.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

WENT TO THE THEATRE.

Governor Bachelder and Staff in Boston Last Night.

Governor Nahum J. Bachelder and the members of his council, together with Mrs. Bachelder and the wives of the members, were guests at dinner at the Vendome in Boston, last night, of A. Crosby Kennett of the fifth councillor district of New Hampshire. The affair was entirely informal and was followed by a theatre party.

KITTERY.

Kittery, Me., April 1.

Mrs. Abbie Jenkins, residing on Otis avenue, had the misfortune to receive a severe fall down stairs, which will probably disable her for some time. She was unable to rise until assistance came. She is now confined to her bed.

There will be an initiation at the regular meeting of the Eastern Star this evening.

Tomorrow evening, the G. A. R. will hold their monthly meeting in Odd Fellows hall and plans for the coming Memorial day are to be suggested.

Quite a number of strangers registered at Hotel Orman yesterday.

Miss Julia Abrams is passing a few days in Dover as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sanders.

J. Frank Walker is making candy now daily.

Mrs. M. A. Goodwin and daughter, Miss Beatrice, are planning for a visit to Boston.

Mrs. Mary Deane is settled in her new home, J. H. Swett's new house, near the navy yard station.

Carpenter Wilbur F. Stevenson, U. S. N., who has been passing a few days with his family here, left last evening for New York, to join his ship.

Carpenter N. H. Jenkins and wife, who have been passing the winter in Southern Pines, N. C., will leave here on Friday for Portsmouth, Va., where they will remain a few days before returning to their home here.

M. W. Paul is having his house and store on Government street painted.

Albert E. Blake, architect, has placed a fine sign in the postoffice.

William T. Burrows has purchased a yacht in which he expects to find much enjoyment this summer.

Regular meeting of I. O. G. T. this evening.

New Maple Syrup at Prince's Market.

New Maple Sugar at Prince's Market.

Flower Seeds and Vegetable Seeds by package or bulk at Prince's Market.

ON THE DIAMOND.

Jesse Burkett struck the training table this spring weighing fifteen pounds less than when he quit last season. It's even money that Burkett and Keeler will keep Lajoie and DeChanty busy this season for batting honors. Great bunch of sticklers.

Fred Parent, the fast and clever short stop of the Boston American team, is playing the game of his life down south. Tim Murnane says the little short stop is faster than ever.

Manager Doe of the New Bedford team has given Weddige his release and Manager McDermott of Fall River has signed him and Weddige will captain the team. The members of the Fall River team report for duty on April 6.

"Phenomenal" John Smith has won five championship pennants with teams that he has managed during the past ten years. They are as follows: Pennsylvania Amateur league in 1893, Pennsylvania State league (professional) in 1894, New England league (with the Portlanders) in 1899, Virginia State league (with the Norfolk) in 1900, and New England league (with the Manchester) in 1902.

THE FAT MAN IN CLOVER.

Prof. Moore's "Ice Stove" Will Make a Cool and Delightful Summer For Him.

There'll be unalloyed joy for the fat man this summer. He won't have to go around with a wilted collar and with perspiration pouring from his face. No more will the irritating and profanity-provoking "prickly heat" make him feel as if he were slowly being tortured to death by piercing with cambric needles. Prof. Willis Moore, chief of the weather bureau, has determined to put on the market his "ice stove," which is guaranteed to make any home cold enough for a polar bear to live in with comfort.

The ice pick will take the place of the poker, and, instead of sitting around wielding a palm leaf fan, all that will be necessary will be to throw a couple of hundred pounds of ice into the "stove." Instead of going to the refrigerator for one of the component parts of a "high abill," you need only open the door of the "ice stove," select a chunk to fit the glass and proceed as usual. Scotch and syphon water, together with tomatoes and lettuce, may be kept together in the stove.

The "ice stove," like all other stoves, comes in all sizes. It is a big copper cylinder, which is filled with ice and salt. These directions accompany each stove:

"If in a bedroom and the temperature outside is more than 106 degrees, put three pair of blankets on the bed, chuck 50 pounds of ice in the stove, close all windows and retire.

"Users of the ice stove are cautioned to keep overcoats and earmuffs where they can be quickly put on. Don't store in camphor at the bottom of a trunk. No moths can live where there is an ice stove.

"Don't go into the warm open air when frostbitten by the use of the ice stove. Scrape some snow from the side of the stove and rub ears or extremities vigorously.

"Use the pick, which is sent free with each stove, to break the ice in the water pitchers each morning. A hammer or an iron dumb-bell may be used in emergencies, but the pick is better.

"Don't put mint and butter in the same compartment in the stove. The mint is often stronger than the butter, and when the latter is spread on hot bread the flavor is often distasteful, even to those who like juleps.

"All bottled goods may be kept in the ice stove. The tubular arrangement in the cylinder is excellently adapted for keeping bottled goods, even after being opened."

When tramps visit a home where the ice stove is in use, instead of being made to chop wood they can be made to cut the ice into cubes for the stove. In return they should be given their dinner and permitted to cool off in front of the stove.

Prof. Moore says that an ice stove sufficient to heat a room 15x15 can be bought for \$200 and that \$75 worth of ice will keep it going all summer.

Easter eggs and Easter chicks are appearing in the store windows.

When in Exeter

DINNER

SQUAMSCOTT HOUSE.

N. S. WILLEY, PROPRIETOR

EXETER, N.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.
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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald. Here local news than all other local papers combined. Try it.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1903.

In South Walpole, Mass., one day last week, a twelve-year-old boy on his way to school saw a wire hanging down, and, boy fashion, took hold of it as he passed, and fell to the ground, dead. The broken wire was an abandoned telephone wire, which had crossed an electric light wire. There should be no such thing as an abandoned wire allowed. Discarded wires are more dangerous, one way, than those in use. Being gradually weakened by corrosion and the wear of the elements, and of course never looked after, they are sure to break in time, and perhaps, as in the case at South Walpole last week, with disastrous results. There is nothing of the ornamental about these wires when in use, and when they cease to be of use they should be removed. That it would cost something to take down an abandoned wire, and that it would be of little if any value after taken down, should not be considered. No electric light, telephone or telegraph company, however rich and powerful, should be allowed to let its abandoned wires continue hanging to the poles, to the danger of the public, because it would cost something to remove them. If there is no law existing that can compel the removal of dead wires, one should be provided.

WHAT IT MEANS.

Whoever in a city or town where in the provisions of this act are not in force, shall sell or keep for sale liquor contrary to the provisions of this act, shall be punished by a fine of \$200 and by imprisonment for not less than one month nor more than two years.—Section 33 of the license law.

After citizens generally, without regard to their opinions on the license question, have read this section and come to a thorough understanding of its meaning, it is certain that they will not regard it as a joke. A vote for no license will mean no license, that and nothing more. The individual with sufficient nerve to defy the provisions of Section 33 will not be found in Portsmouth.

The Herald believes that Portsmouth should vote for license. Such a vote will be for the best interests of the city. The liquor traffic should be regulated, but for various reasons, no seaport town can afford to entirely suppress it. A no license vote would cause a loss of thousands of dollars to our taxpayers.

Section 33, however, means exactly what it says and there should be no misapprehension on that point.

PENCIL POINTS.

J. Pierpont Morgan is to join the ranks of the philanthropic millionaires. His specialty will be art museums.

The discovery of a new star by Prof. Turner will give the astronomers a chance to do a lot more guessing.

If Mr. Bryan is allowed to have his way, the democratic party will soon consist of himself and Tom Johnson.

Pescos has its victories no less renowned than war. It's a loss up

which is the greater man; the baseball pitcher who "shuts out" the other team or the general who captures an enemy's capital.

Clyde Fitch has been telling people how to write plays. Mr. Fitch is evidently convinced that he knows how himself.

A young woman in Salt Lake City has been sleeping for twenty-eight days. She ought to be pretty well rested when she wakes up.

The action of the Dowdites who are to invade New York in buying return tickets indicates that they think Chicago may still need a little reforming.

England wanted to know the meaning of our proposed reciprocity treaty with Cuba and she found out England's curiosity was satisfied and that is all that satisfaction she got.

Admiral Dewey says that he didn't intend for his criticisms of the German navy to appear in print, but he was correctly reported. And the German foreign office considers that an apology.

Prof. Willis Moore, chief of the weather bureau, has invented an "ice stove" to cool off our homes in summer. Prof. Moore fails to inform us, however, who is to pay for the ice to keep the stove running.

Count Von Reventlow of Germany thinks the American navy is no good. Somehow, our navy was always easy to vanquish on paper, but its opponents have never failed to find it a rather difficult proposition in action.

The democratic party is still talking tariff reform, with the assurance that, if the democracy is voted into power, the reforms will all be wise ones. This means, of course, that the tariff will be changed to suit the ideas of the democracy's dear friends, the trusts.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When a wife reigns she sometimes storms.

A woman always does as she pleases, and it is up to a man to please her.

An ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is worth a pound of try-to-square-yourself.

A diplomat is a man who tells his wife everything that happens not to happen.

The bent of a man's mind doesn't necessarily prove that he is intellectually crooked.

When a man sits down suddenly and unexpectedly he realizes what a hard world this is.

The world is charitable enough to forgive the man who writes poetry because he needs the money.—Chicago News.

WHAT HE PROPHESES.

According to one weather prophet who has quite a following, April will be marked by four distinct weather periods, two cool and two warm. The temperature of the month will average below normal, causing a backward spring, and as if that were not enough, some killing frosts are noted on the program.

SO ARE WE.

The more we read of that Burdick case the more we are convinced that if Pennell's death wasn't a suicide it ought to have been.—Atlanta Constitution.

CARRIES THE STRAIN

Quite a strain on a child to grow. You find it about all you can do to live along as you are and keep well. Your child has to do all that and grow besides. Some children can't stand the extra strain. They get weak and sickly as a result of it.

This is where Scott's Emulsion does some of its best work. It is a strong "growing" medicine. It starts up new life in the backward child and strengthens the weak ones. Scott's Emulsion takes all the extra strain and carries the children along until they are strong enough to stand it alone.

We'll send you a little to try if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York

IT'S THE SOAP

that does it all, for it is all soap. Don't need the addition of chemicals or concoctions to make it wash easy and quick. It doesn't ruin clothes and injure hands. Such is

Sunlight

Soap Perfection — Big Cake — Little Price — Only Five Cents.

APRIL A LUCKY MONTH.

American People Have Settled Great Problems During Its Thirty Days.

Did you know that the month of April has played a more conspicuous part in American history than any other month of the year? asked a man who is fond of things historical. "From the way I look at the events involved, April is the most important of all the months, and I have often wondered why the American people show so much indifference to the fact. Why, when you come to think of it, the Fourth of July, while, of course, important enough, is yet not quite so momentous in the annals of American history as some other days one might mention. April has been the one month of the year which has really settled the great problems with which the American people have had to deal. Suppose we glance at the record for a moment.

"The war of the Revolution began April 19, 1775, and ended April 11, 1783. Coming on down we find the Sabine disturbance, involving the southwestern frontier, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, and which began in April, 1836, running through to June of the next year. The Mexican war began April 24, 1846. The Yuma expedition into California ended in April, 1852, having begun in December the year previous. The Gila expedition into New Mexico was launched April 16, 1857. The Colorado river expedition in California ended April 28, 1859. The Pecos expedition into Texas was launched April 16, 1859. There was the war of the rebellion, which started April 19, 1861. Hostilities actually began when Fort Sumter was fired upon April 12, 1861.

The Ute expedition in Colorado began April 3, 1878. It is rather a coincidence that the late war with Spain began April 21, in the same month and but two days later, with respect to the day of the month, than the war of the rebellion, which began April 18. The Spanish-American war began April 21, 1898, and ended April 11, 1899. These are some of the more important things which have taken place in the month of April and many of the events have been of deep import from the viewpoint of Americans. What reason can you assign for the conspicuous part April has played in the history of America? Do men feel more like fighting in April than in the other months of the year? Is the spirit of war and revolution influenced by the rising of the sap? I do not know, but there must be some good reason for the happening of these great things, wars, explorations, adventures and events of this sort in the month of April. At any rate they have happened in April and it would be unreasonable and altogether absurd to assume that these things are due to haphazard, that they are mere coincidences. April cannot be explained out of its rightful inheritance among the more important months in American history."

NAVAL NOTES.

The steam collier Sterling has been dispatched to Pensacola from Norfolk with stores and coal for the fleet gathered at that far southern navy yard.

The triple-screw cruiser Columbia will be commissioned for sea within the next few weeks, and the detail for her officers has already been considered at the bureau of navigation. Capt. James M. Miller, U. S. N., has been detailed to command the vessel.

The U. S. S. Bennington. Com-

mander Thomas, which has been placed in commission at Mare Island, Cal., after an extensive overhauling, is to relieve the Ranger, Commander Potter, on the Pacific station. The latter vessel being in need of repairs is to be placed out of commission, and her officers and crew transferred to the Petrel at Mare Island.

The Princeton, Commander Collins, and the Yorktown, Commander Ward, which have been doing duty on the Asiatic station, and are badly in need of repairs, have been ordered home to go out of commission. They will be relieved by the Raleigh, Commander Nazro, now on the coast of Honduras, and the Cincinnati, Commander Mason, now at Naples, Italy.

The Pacific squadron, composed of the New York, Ranger and Marblehead, under command of Rear Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., has sailed from Acapulco, Mexico, en route for Magdalena bay, where extensive drills and maneuvers will be carried out during the next few weeks. Magdalena bay is an ideal location for such exercises, and under a constantly clear sky and far from the temptations of shore dissipations, both officers and men find themselves in a sort of modern Eden.

It is announced by President Outt, of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock company, of Newport News, Va., that the 13,680-ton armored cruiser West Virginia will be launched on April 18. Miss Katherine White, daughter of the governor of West Virginia, will name the cruiser. The governor of West Virginia, senators, congressmen and upwards of five thousand persons from that state will witness the launching. The cruiser Maryland, a sister ship, is to be launched a few days later. Both vessels are of the same design and dimensions as the Colorado, to be launched from the yards of Messrs. Cramp and Sons on April 6.

It is estimated that about \$90,000 will need to be expended upon the U. S. S. Hancock, now at the New York yard, to fit her for a receiving ship, in place of the Columbia. It will take some three months to make the repairs. These mainly consist of tearing out bulkheads, overhauling and putting in new piping, installing a new ventilating system and providing a set of captain's quarters. The Hancock will have accommodation for something like 1,800 men, and will be a model receiving ship. The Columbia will receive an overhauling, and an expenditure of about \$15,000 will be made on her. When completed she will be used as a training ship for firemen.

Official trials of the United States monitor Florida, made in Long Island Sound, March 20, proved that ship to be satisfactory in every way. The government contract called for a speed of 11 1/4 knots, but during the trial speed of the boat did not go as low as that figure. The highest speed obtained was 13 knots and the lowest 12.44. The official course was 11 1/4 knots and return. During the entire trial every piece of machinery on the boat worked perfectly. The time made by the monitor is subject to tidal and current correction, but it is not believed that her highest speed record will fall much below 13 knots. She was constructed at the yards of the Crescent shipyard at Elizabethport, N. J.

CANDIDATES THICK.

Candidates for liquor inspectors under the new license bill are looming up thick and fast. It is said that there are at least a dozen in this city and that there are equally as large a number in the other cities in the state.

WHAT FOLKS SAY.

Florida Oranges Have Gone By—A Lobster Man's Observations—Complaint of a Postal Clerk—Reminiscences of An Old Pool Player.

"The Florida oranges have gone by," said a local fruit dealer yesterday. "There are still a few in the market, however. They retail for fifty cents a dozen. There is still a good supply of California navel oranges, though they are beginning to run somewhat smaller than heretofore. They retail at from thirty to forty cents a dozen. We are getting a few of the rich red Cuban bananas, but they are still scarce—though the supply will be plentier than last year. During the Cuban war the banana plantations were largely destroyed, and this fruit almost wholly disappeared from our markets. Next year they should be more plentiful than this and two years from now I expect to see them retailing here in Portsmouth for about the same price as the yellow ones."

"Years ago there was no pool, as of course you know," said a veteran pool player. "Everything was billiards. They used a six pocket table and played with four balls. They could play any number of shots as high as a thirteen shot. If they played the red ball, that would be three and two reds nine, etc. The tables were five and a half by eleven. When pool came into use, however, they cut the pockets all out of the billiard tables and today the billiard table is much the same as the pool with the exception that it has no pockets. This change was made, well—I should say about thirty-two years ago. The size of the table was also reduced and when you reduce the size you reduce the science of course, that being a natural consequence. The table then 5 x 10 has been reduced to 4 1/2 x 9. The standard tables now are 5 x 10. "In the old days they never used to allow children under seventeen in a pool room. Minors go into the pool and billiard rooms now more than they did. "It is a great game and one that requires science. Pool is used more today than billiards but it is all according to one's fancy and tastes."

MERE OPINION.

When a woman suffers in silence it is because there is nobody around to be scolded.

Some men who were born for great things didn't get them because their wives couldn't believe it.

Some people think so much of themselves that they have no time to think about what other people may think of them.

The man who works hard all day and goes home at night to be told that he is a poor stick and a failure because somebody else gets a larger salary than he, may be right in saying

The Surest Remedy is
Allen's Lung Balsam
It never fails to cure a SIMPLE COLD, HEAVY COLD, and all BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.
Large Bottles \$1.00. Medium Size 50c. Small or Trial Size 25c.
Endorsed by all who have tried it.

HENRY PEYSER & SON

announce the opening of Spring
Top Coats and Rain Coats. A
most complete assortment of
the season's newest fabrics
and a wide range of prices,
affording a complete choice
in color and quality.

HENRY PEYSER & SON.

ATLAS **READY MIXED** **DEVOL'S**
PAINT
51 **52**
SHADES. **SHADES.**
IF YOU HAVE ANY PAINTING TO DO WE HAVE THE
PAINT THAT WILL SUIT YOU.
Rider & Cotton
60 MARKET STREET.

LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.
Pres., James McCarthy;
Rec. Sec., Timothy Conners;
Fin. Sec., F. H. Thompson.
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.
Meets at A. O. H. hall, first and last Thursday of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.

Pres., Gordon Preble;
Sec., E. W. Clark.
Meets in O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 482.

Pres., William B. Randall;
Vice Pres., Harrison O. Holtz;
Rec. Sec., Miss G. Gertrude Young;
Sec. Treas., Arthur G. Brewster;
Sergeant at Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.
Meets in Palace hall second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.

Pres., William T. Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Charles E. Colson.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.

Pres., Stanton Truman;
Sec., John Molloy.
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 302.

Pres., John Harrington;
Sec., William Dunn.
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.

Pres., Frank Bray;
Sec., Braden Harvey.
Meets 28 Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.

Pres., William Harrison;
Sec., Walter Staples.
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.

Pres., John Gorman;
Sec., James D. Brooks.
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BARBERS.

Pres., John Long;
Sec., Frank Ham.
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres., John T. Mallon;
Sec., James McNaughta.
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.

Pres., Frank Dennett;
Rec. Sec., John Parsons.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.

Pres., Jere Conzig;
Sec., Michael Leyden.
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLERS.

Pres., Dennis E. Drialane;
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Palace hall, High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.

Pres., Albert Adams;
Rec. Sec., Richard E. Fullam;
Fin. Sec., John Connell.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.
Pres., Charles E. Whitehouse;
Sec., James E. Chickering.
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS UNION NO. 14.

Pres., James H. Cogan;
Fin. Sec., W. S. Wright;
Treas., Edward Amazeen.
Meet in U. V. U. hall every second Thursday of the month.

LAUNDRY WORKERS' UNION.

Pres., Fred C. Horner;
Sec., Charles W. Neal.
Meets the first Friday of the month at Good Templars' hall.

PLUMBERS AND STEAMFITTERS UNION.

Pres., F. H. Thompson;
Rec. Sec., James A. McCarthy;
Fin. Sec., George D. Richardson.

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turbing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of weeds. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turbing and grading in the city at short notice.
Cemetery lots for sale, also Loans and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards and South streets, or by mail, or left 212 Oliver W. Room (near corner to St. Nicholas at Market street, will receive prompt attention.
M. J. GRIFFIN

WERE UNANIMOUS

Representatives Agreed On
Lynch Labor Law.

Committee's Adverse Report En-
tirely Ignored In The House.

Toll Bridge Bill Barely Passed Over
The Governor's Veto.

Concord, March 31.—The house of representatives gave up most of the morning to a one-sided discussion of the fifty-eight-hour bill, introduced early in the session by Representative Hugh F. Lynch of McGovernville. The house committee on labor reported the bill last week, with a resolution that it was "inexpedient to legislate." There was no minority report, the committee being unanimous against the Lynch bill, but, notwithstanding that unanimity, not a single member of the committee took the floor this morning to say a word in favor of the report as against the labor bill, which the house passed by a unanimous vote.

The bill goes immediately to the state senate, and although there has been considerable talk that this was equivalent to sending it to its death, some members of the house believe that the unanimous vote of today, taken in connection with the similar vote of two years ago, will win for the measure the serious attention that is demanded by the state federation of labor and its 20,000 followers.

The bill and the labor committee's report had been made a special order for eleven o'clock this morning, and promptly at that hour Representative Lynch began the discussion. He was followed by Representative P. J. Smyth of Berlin, Representative Shute of Berry, Representative Frederick B. Small of Rochester, Representative Libby of Gorham, Representative Fox of Marlow and Rev. Mr. Phillips of Franklin, all of them speaking for the women and children employed in the textile establishments of New Hampshire. At 12:16 o'clock Mr. Kohler of West Manchester moved the previous question. Representative Martin Sullivan called for a division and the previous question was adopted by a rising vote.

The question then before the house was the adoption of the report of the labor committee, that it was "inexpedient to legislate."

When the "ayes" were called for, not even the members of the committee on labor stood up to be counted.

It seemed as if every man in the house arose when the "noes" were called for.

And the committee's report was turned down.

Representative Lynch then moved that the rules of the house be suspended, that the printing of the bill

be dispensed with, and that the bill be put upon its third reading and final passage at this time.

The bill was passed by a unanimous vote at 12:21 p. m.

It didn't take very long to pass Gen. William P. Buckley's capital punishment bill today, the house adopting an amendment proposed by Dr. Bell of Woodstock, giving the jury discretionary powers. The bill, as passed by the house provides that persons convicted of murder in the first degree shall be imprisoned for life unless the jury declares for capital punishment in returning its verdict.

The house this afternoon concurred in the senate amendment making the date of final adjournment Thursday instead of Friday.

The governor today returned to the legislature his second veto, the unlucky bill being that providing for joint action between this state and Vermont in freeing the toll bridges across the Connecticut river. After a lengthy debate, the house passed the bill over the governor's veto by a vote of 162 to 81, exactly the necessary two-thirds.

The act for the taxation of building and loan associations was passed, while the bill providing for laws upon the subject of negotiable instruments uniform with those of other states was killed.

After a long debate on the bill requiring state certification for all teachers in the public schools, a roll call disclosed the lack of a quorum and the house adjourned.

The senate passed the measure providing for a monument to Gen. Enoch Poor.

THE BURDICK CASE.

Identity Of The Murderer Has Not
Been Proved.

Buffalo, March 31.—Judge Murphy handed down his findings in the Burdick inquest today and declared that the identity of the Burdick murderer had not been proved. The statement is an exhaustive review of the evidence brought out during the inquest. Special attention is given to the letters exchanged between Arthur R. Pennell and Mrs. Burdick, particularly the one containing a threat against Burdick's life. Judge Murphy says relative to this:

"Altogether, these facts would, in my opinion, constitute just ground of suspicion on which a warrant could be issued, were he alive." Referring to Mrs. Hull, he says: "The actions of Mrs. Hull on that morning (the morning after the murder) and her testimony on the stand, has caused me much thought and worry. To my mind they are inconsistent with a perfect want of knowledge as to what had actually occurred. So little apparent feeling for the dead man, such an evident desire to cover up the crime and no disposition whatever to aid the authorities in apprehending the murderer may be explainable but have not been explained."

Speaking of Pennell and of his relations with Mrs. Burdick, Judge Murphy said:

"His of all others was the motive strong enough to incite a desperate mind already steeped in wrong doing to do so foul and cruel a murder. He can never be placed on trial here nor can his case ever be judicially determined. Let us be as fair then to the dead as the law presumes us to be to the living. He must be presumed innocent until proven guilty."

Continuing Justice Murphy says: "The theory that Burdick had a woman guest in his den that night has not been sustained by the evidence. It has not disclosed a single immoral act on his part."

Mrs. Paine and Miss Hutchinson are completely exonerated in Mr. Murphy's findings. In conclusion Justice Murphy says: "It is our duty to condemn Mrs. Burdick. But great as her wrong has been, great is her punishment."

Following is Judge Murphy's findings:

"I find and certify that Edwin L. Burdick came to his death in the early morning hours of Feb. 27, 1903, at his residence, 101 Ashland avenue, in this city. The cause of his death was a compound comminuted multiple fracture of the skull. That said fracture was the result of several blows by some person with a dull edged weapon, delivered principally on the back of the head. That said blows were delivered with homicidal intent. That the identity of said person has not been proved."

CRUM TAKES CHARGE.

Takes Position Of Collector In
Charleston, S. C., Custom House.

Charleston, S. C., March 31.—W. D. Crum today took charge of the custom house as collector of the port. The chief inspector of customs immediately tendered his resignation. No attempt has been made to prevent Mr. Crum from assuming his duties by legal proceedings.

DECIDES ON HAVEN PARK

Porter Statue Committee Votes
For A New Location.

Public Hearing In The City Building
Attracts Large Attendance.

Prominent Citizens Remonstrate
Against Placing Memorial On
Haymarket Square.

The hearing on the question of changing the location of the Fitz John Porter statue was held on Tuesday evening in the city building.

The meeting was called to order by Mayor Marcy and the petition for a change of location and the order for the hearing were read by Secretary Stanwood. The mayor then stated the reasons for calling the hearing and added that the statue committee was ready to hear any individual opinions that might be advanced.

The first speaker was Rev. Henry E. Hovey, who presented arguments in favor of Market square. "This square," he said, "is in the centre of the city, has an open view, and if the statue were located there it could be seen by everybody. It is customary in large cities, especially in England, to erect statues in the principal square and the custom is a good one."

"It was the request of Mr. Eddy, the donor of the statue, that it be erected in Market square or some other place equally as prominent. There is no other place equally as prominent," Mr. Hovey considered the statement that Market square was not large enough for this purpose absurd. He referred to the plan to place a statue to John Langdon on this site and said that if the city ever did this, the Porter statue could be easily moved. He did not think, however, that a Langdon statue was likely to be placed there. Mr. Hovey concluded his remarks by saying that he believed he represented the common people.

Wallace Hackett next addressed the meeting and remonstrated against locating the statue in Haymarket square. "There are several reasons why this site is unsuitable," said Mr. Hackett. It is too small, has no historical associations, the vista is very poor, and it is one of the few open green spots of the kind in the city and the residents of that section do not want it obstructed. To locate the Porter statue there would crowd the square in defiance to all artistic laws. The objections here stated would apply just as much to a statue to George Washington as one to Fitz John Porter. The citizens of the city do not want any statue there. Haven park is the most appropriate place for the Porter memorial, as it is the site of Gen. Porter's birthplace, and the location of the statue there would be most fitting."

William E. Marvin followed Mr. Hackett and took exceptions to the latter's comments on the lack of historical associations in the case of "Haymarket square." "I find," he said, "that Haymarket square was a place where people were hanged in effigy and where hay was weighed and sold. I think too much of Fitz John Porter to wish to see his statue located in a place with such associations." Mr. Marvin remonstrated against destroying the reservoir on the proposed site of the statue, saying that such action would injure property in that vicinity and probably cause an increase in insurance rates. He ended by saying that the square was altogether too small for the purpose and declared in favor of Haven Park.

Major David Urch next claimed the attention of the chair. Like Mr. Hackett and Mr. Marvin he advocated the location of the statue in Haven park. The fund for the statue was given to Portsmouth, he said, simply because this city was Gen. Porter's birthplace and this furnished the strongest possible argument in favor of Haven park as a site for the statue. "It was on that spot," declared Major Urch, "that Gen. Porter was born, it was there that his boyhood, his youth and his young manhood was passed and it is most fitting that his statue should be erected there."

The speaker referred to an old map of Portsmouth, which he had seen, on which a fort was pictured at the foot of Livermore street. Few people, he thought, had any knowledge of the existence of this old fortification, but it seemed to him very likely that Gen. Porter's military aspirations had their birth there.

"I know that there is some opposition on the part of Civil war veter-

ans and members of the Grand army," continued Major Urch. "To the setting of a statue to Gen. Porter in this city, I cannot speak for every Grand army man, but I can speak for myself and in answer to those opposed to the erection of the statue I would say that the last order is the one which loyalty demands that every soldier shall obey and the last judgment in Gen. Porter's case should be accepted by every veteran of the Civil war."

"It has been said that there is no room on Market square for a statue and I think this is true, but if one is ever placed there it should be that of John Langdon. This son of Portsmouth was really the first president of the United States, discharging all the duties incumbent upon the holder of that office, although himself occupying the position of president of the senate. In addition he gave his money and property unstintingly to secure the independence of the United States."

Major Urch took his seat, but soon after arose, to inquire if there was any doubt as to the legality of locating the statue in Haven park.

The mayor replied that in the opinion of the city solicitor, as published in Monday morning's Chronicle, there was no doubt.

Dr. John W. Parsons asked if the cutting down of trees in Haven park will be permitted. Mayor Marcy was of the opinion that it would not. Dr. Parsons did not believe that the statue should be located in a forest and thought that placing it where it would be surrounded by trees would be equivalent to this.

No more speeches were made and petitions calling for the location of the statue in Haymarket and Market squares and in Haven park were circulated for signatures. An overwhelming majority of those present declared in favor of the last named location.

The hearing was concluded at nine o'clock and the statue committee immediately held a meeting, voting unanimously to abide by the decision of the majority.

The Porter statue will, therefore be located in Haven park.

UNUSUALLY GOOD CHANCE.

Way Open For Four New Hampshire
Boys To Get Into Naval Academy.

New Hampshire boys are to have an unusually good opportunity this year to get into the United States Naval academy at Annapolis.

At least four appointments to positions as midshipmen are to be made by New Hampshire congressmen, and examinations are to be conducted early in April, which will dictate the choice.

As has already been announced, Congressman Sulloway is to nominate one candidate for entrance to the famous academy; Senator Burnham is to nominate another, and Senator Gallinger has previously given information of the examination to be held in Concord, April 7, from which a successor to young Pearson, resigned, might be named.

Now comes the additional notice from Senator Gallinger that, under the terms of the naval appropriation bill of the second session of the fifty-seventh congress, it is his duty to nominate another midshipman to the Naval academy. And he states that the examination, to be held at Concord, April 7, will, therefore, result in the appointment of two midshipmen, if the young men make a creditable showing.

Senator Gallinger specially requests that the boys of New Hampshire, between the ages of fifteen and twenty years, who have ambitions for a naval career, shall appear at the examination to be held in Concord on that date.

He states that they may rely safely upon the fact that those receiving the highest marks will receive the appointments for midshipmen and alternates, and that there will be no favoritism.

The examination, from the result of which Congressman Sulloway will name his nominee, has been set for April 4 at 9 a. m., and will take place at the office of the superintendent of schools in Manchester. Senator Burnham has announced that the examination at which his appointment will be decided will take place April 6 at 10 a. m., in the office of the superintendent of schools in Manchester.

RATIFICATIONS EXCHANGED.

But Cuban Treaty Will Not Be Pro-
claimed Till Congress Acts.

Washington, March 31.—Ratification of the Cuban reciprocity treaty were exchanged by Secretary Hay and Minister Quesada at 10 o'clock this morning at the state department.

The treaty will not be proclaimed until the United States congress acts upon it.

WEATHER FORECAST FOR APRIL.

The Predictions of Wightman of St.
Louis For the Coming Month.

Bright weather in the north, with frosty nights, at the opening of this month. This being the month of transition from winter to active spring conditions, usually brings much tendency to frequent showers and increasing warmth; developing vegetation rapidly. We must expect the weather phenomena to vary in character according to the general progress of the season, from south to north. Spring will have come in the south, and the wind will blow hard from the southwest, the region of fair, and bring minor storms the 4th and 5th. Vegetation will look fresh and glowing, laden with the hope of the advancing year. Palm Sunday, on the 5th, will dawn with the dappled, softening sky of spring. Clear and bright for several days, up to first regular storm period, 10th to 13th. Easter Sunday, on the 12th, will be cool, clear and radiant. Minor storms 16th and 17th. Days of fitful sunshine and soft, flaky winds will follow up to the 21st, when it will turn warm and develop second regular storm period, 27th and 28th. The balance of the month will be stormy; new moon on 27th, and Mercury on 29th, will bring cold, drizzling rains south, sleet and snowsqualls northward. It will turn very warm for the season, with cloudiness, humidity and misting rains for several days.

Little Dorothy And the Almighty

The little girl had just returned from Sunday school, and she was much impressed with the power of the Almighty. "Say, mamma," she said, "does God know everything I do?"

"Yes, Dorothy."

"Everything I do, even if I do it in the dark?"

"Yes, dearie, everything."

"Well, does he know all the things I'm going to do?"

"Yes, Dorothy."

"Does he know I'm going to eat my dinner in a few minutes?"

"Yes, little girl."

"Does he know I'm going to see Ethel tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Well, mamma, this 's the time I'll fool him, 'cause I'm not going."—New York Times.

Heroic Treatment.



"What sort of exercise would you advise me to take?"

"Run about six miles before dinner, and don't eat."—New York Journal.

Fencing.

He—Miss Workman, I'm going to propose to you—

She—Really, Mr. Phoxy, I'm sorry, but—

He—That we have some ice cream—

She—Oh, I shall be delighted.

He—Some evening when the weather gets warmer.—Philadelphia Press.

Uncomplimentary.

"Squintum made an accurate drawing of Charlie Dunno's brain with the X ray apparatus."

"Sort of a lottery for Squintum, wasn't it?"

"A lottery?"

"Yes. He drew a blank, didn't he?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Strictly Private.

Deacon—What was the collection today?

Elder—Ten cents, two buttons and a tin tin.

Deacon—What did the pastor say?

Elder—Oh, my! It wasn't fit for publication.—Comfort.

Proof Positive.

He—Do you really and truly love me?

She—Can you doubt it after calling and finding only one chair in the parlor?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Force of Habit.

"You look bad," remarked the friend.

"Have you the grip?"

"No," said the druggist absently, "but I have something just as good."—Chicago News.

Burdock Blood Bitters gives a man a clear head, an active brain, a strong, vigorous body—makes him fit for the battle of life.

Away with your tea and your coffee so strong. They weaken your nerves and they set you all wrong—If, like Mother Sagacity—life you'd prefer—
Drink Cream of Chocolate.

No beverage ever offered the American people equals in flavor, purity or convenience.

Cream Chocolate

It is a new scientific preparation of cocoa, sugar and cream—all three ingredients being absolutely pure. It is nourishing and strengthening—is enjoyed at breakfast, luncheon or supper by every member of the family and is instantly prepared with boiling water only. Doctors prescribe it, 20 cents at all grocers.

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W. E. Paul RANGES —AND— PARLOR STOVES KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enamelled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts.

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These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Bisum of Copahu. Cures in 4 or 5 days. CURE IN 42 HOURS. No more diseases without inconvenience.

Nerve of Wild Bill

How He Outwitted a Desperado Who Had the Drop on Him.

Daring Feat of Gun Play in a Border Saloon—Four Against One—Courage Honored.

Perhaps no man is more familiar with the old days of the border than Colonel John S. Crawford, close friend of Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and other famous scouts. Colonel Crawford is now a wealthy mine owner and railroad builder and lives in Grant City, Ore. Recently he related some of the dramatic events in his career as a scout.

One of the bravest and coolest men I ever knew was the famous Wild Bill, whose name in the family Bible is written William Haycock. It is not Hickock, as often seen spelled. I knew Wild Bill as well as I ever knew any one. We were together a great deal. He was a powerfully built man, his eye was like an eagle's, and he was absolutely fearless of danger while performing his duties as United States marshal in the days of the Kansas Jayhawkers and later in dealing with the Indians and bad men on the frontier.

Wild Bill was daring to an extreme. He thought only of his duty, and he fulfilled it always. He was honest and tender hearted, and I have seen him give up his last five dollar bill to aid some poor immigrant who was starving. By this action he often changed places with the sufferers.

One time Wild Bill and myself were riding along the trail from Sidney to Deadwood through the buffalo swales. It was a terrible country, infested by a motley gang of cutthroats and all around bad men. We rode on until we came to a little dugout where a man named Reddy Kelly kept a saloon. It wasn't a pretentious place. The roof was supported by a post in the middle of the room. A simple rough plank served as a bar.

A bucket of water and one demijohn of whisky composed the entire stock in hand. Kelly himself was a picturesque character, a man of brawn. He wore a fiery red beard and a sleeveless red flannel shirt. We all knew him very well, and when Wild Bill and I rode up we tied our horses to a small fir tree outside and went in to get a drink.

I stepped in first and walked to the opposite side of the post supporting the roof. Wild Bill stepped up to the bar, leaned on his elbow and began talking to Reddy Kelly.

All of a sudden, as if he had leaped through the floor, a man jumped before Wild Bill without any warning. In each hand he held a revolver. He got Bill and myself in line, and neither of us dared move.

"Hold up your hands," the fellow shouted to Bill, with a string of oaths, which formed the dialect of the bad men of those days. "I am going to kill you, Bill."

Bill, without a move, quietly looked at the intruder and then said to him: "Why, my man, you do not want to



WILD BILL TURNED LOOSE.

kill me in cold blood. Have you thought about this matter? I don't know you nor your reason for wanting to get me out of the way."

"Well," said the stranger, "I'm going to kill you because you've strung up too many of our fellows, and now it's your turn, Bill."

The threat didn't faze the cool-headed marshal. He gazed steadfastly into the other man's face and then said: "That is too bad. I never thought of that before, but I suppose it is a necessary thing. And now you want to put me out of the way?"

"Yes, and I'm going to do it right," growled the stranger. The muzzles of both revolvers were not eighteen inches from Bill's face, but he never flinched. I dared not move or the fellow would have killed Bill before I could jump in and shoot. I saw the muscles of Bill's back grow taut; the

words stood out in his neck, and his feet seemed to sink into the rough floor.

Bill gazed into the man's eye for a minute and then gave a terrible war-whoop, throwing the man's attention from his aim for an instant. He ducked his head a foot and, like a flash of lightning, whipped out two great revolvers. As they came up the bullets were flying, and every one of the twelve leaden pellets pierced the man's body, literally cutting him in two. When Bill gave his unearthly yell, the intruder fired one shot, but it went far above the mark. In a minute the smoke blew away, and the man lay dead on the floor. Bill turned to Reddy Kelly and said, "Remove this carcass, Red, and give us another drink."

We took another drink, walked to our horses and struck out along the trail to Deadwood. I never heard Bill say a word about the affair, and I said nothing. We were not in the habit of remembering such things.

Next to Wild Bill the bravest man and one of the most desperate I ever saw was an out and out brigand. His



EACH MAN HELD A GUN.

name was Jack Burke, and he was the boldest man in the notorious Billy the Kid's gang of desperadoes.

I first ran across Burke in El Paso, Tex., after I had been for some time in Mexico. I knew the habits of the banditti. I had fought and rode among bad men throughout the frontier states, but I had never found a braver man than Burke. My meeting with him was extraordinary and not accompanied by the most comforting circumstances.

In El Paso I ran across an old friend, Red Hart. He told me he was going to open a new building that night and wanted me to help him by seeing that no desperadoes entered the place. I told him I would aid him, and I remained in the building until late.

There was a varied throng there, men of all classes and descriptions, most of them rough and ready fellows. About 2 o'clock in the morning, when all the early comers were gone, I walked down the back stairs, which terminated in an alley. At the bottom of the stairway was a hooded door, behind which burned a flickering, smoky oil lamp. The shadows wavered and rather blinded me.

When I reached the bottom of the stairs and opened the door into the alley, I was confronted by four men. Each man held a gun at my head and ordered me to throw up my hands and deliver what cash I had.

To me this was rather astonishing, for I have always been a peaceful man. I did not see my way clear to accede to the demand. I quietly and slowly pulled out my revolver—a beautiful barker that shot a ball as big as a walnut—and simply stated that I did not intend to be robbed. The largest of the four men, a handsome, broad shouldered, but desperate looking fellow, again ordered me to give up my money. "You are four to one," I said—"four towards to one man, and I am a brave man, understand that. You can kill me, I know, but I can shoot quicker than you, and before I go down I will send two of you to the happy hunting grounds. Turn loose if you want to, and I'll give you more than a fair show, but I'll get two of you."

The tall man lowered his revolver and stepped forward. "You don't kill a brave man like this fellow, boys," he said, "and I'm on his side. I fight with him."

I told him to get back with his gang; that I was not afraid of the four. The big fellow ordered the men to put up their weapons, saying: "It ain't a square deal to get a live one cooped up this way. The treats are on us, stranger, if you'll come around the corner."

I went, but told them they must pay for the treat and that nothing less than a five dollar goldpiece would square matters. They opened a bottle of champagne. We drank up, and then the four left. I never said a word to any one about the experience, but I found hereafter that every man in Billy the Kid's gang was my friend. I met them time and again in the Seven rivers district, along the Rio Grande and all through No Man's Land, and they never once stopped or offered to harm me. The big fellow was Jack Burke, and he was afterward killed by his own gang, although not until he had killed five of them after he had been mortally wounded.

VISION OF A MURDER.

Remarkable Experience of a Young Englishwoman. A Vivid Dream.

The dean of a certain cathedral in the east of England recently related this remarkable story, which is as great a mystery to him as to those who have heard it. The facts are beyond dispute.

His niece, ordinarily a strong and active young lady, was slowly recovering from an unusually severe attack of scarlet fever and was in a nervous and weak condition when one night her sleep was disturbed by a strange and terrible dream.

It seemed to her that she stood before a house she had never in her life seen before and that her sight could penetrate the walls as though they had been of glass. The whole interior lay open to her view, the staircase with curiously carved balusters, the lower and the upper rooms with all they contained, and finally her attention focused itself on one room in particular—a bedroom, the walls of which were covered with wall paper of a peculiar pattern.

In one corner of the room was a bed, and on it lay a sick man. He was asleep, to judge from his appearance. Suddenly and silently another man entered the room, crept toward the sleeper and with a quick movement removed the pillow from under his head. The sick man awoke and stared at the intruder with horror-stricken eyes. The next moment the pillow was brought down on his face and held there with all the murderer's strength. The sheets moved convulsively; the sick man was being smothered. What followed the sleeper never saw, for at that juncture she awoke with a cry and in a fever of horror.

For change of air she was afterward taken to the cathedral town and stayed for awhile at the house of the dean, her uncle. He tried to amuse her by driving her about in a pony chaise. One day he took her into the country to see a house which he thought might suit her, for her people intended to take a place in the neighborhood. But on arriving at the palings before the path that led to the door the girl showed the greatest reluctance to get out of the chaise.

"No, no," she said, "not that place! I will not be taken there! It is the place I dreamed of!" The dean told her she was talking nonsense. "No, no," I know the place! I will prove it to you. You will find that the stair is one with curious balusters, the pattern of the wall paper is as I will describe it to you, also the peculiar pattern on the walls of that bedroom to the right of the stairs landing. The bed is placed in the corner, and in that bed the man was murdered. I will not go in!"

The dean discovered that all was exactly as she had said. He knew also

your," he said slowly. "I am afraid the law of the Koran will divorce us. I do not know. We will have to go back and tell the old men and hear what they shall say."

What the verdict of the old men was is not known. But when a month later the tax agents of the bashaw went to the Fabs' tribe village of Ambrohra the old men refused to treat with them, telling the agents that by the acts of his caliph the bashaw had sacrificed all right to rule them. This announcement could of course have only one result. Two days later the bashaw of Tangier and Abdel Harach rode side by side at the head of a company of soldiers to the village. The chiefs were summoned to the bashaw's tent. They told him that they had no quarrel with him, but so long as Abdel Harach was his caliph they would withhold loyalty. They recited to the bashaw the shameful story of young Hamed's bride. But the governor's answer came angrily.

"What sort of dogs are you," he demanded, "to dictate to me whom my officers shall be? The caliph shall remain. There he sits now. He shall sit with me and watch you bring your tribute."

"If that is he," one of the old men said, "then he must depart from the village at once. He cannot stay here."

"He will not depart," said the bashaw, "and now you go back and return in three hours to tell me what your final word is."

Without further word they left the tent. An hour passed. Suddenly the reports of guns sounded, and bullets whistled past the bashaw's tent. The Fabs of the village were descending, white with anger. They fell upon the governor's tent. To him they did no harm. They merely thrust him forth among his fleeing soldiers. He ran with them to the houses, and they all rode at mad pace away—all but Caliph Abdel Harach.

When he would have fled with the governor, he was seized, and sturdy hill men wrenched his arms behind his back, pinioning them there. For awhile other of the hill men stood upon the knolls, waving a laughing farewell to the governor and his men riding back to Tangier at breakneck speed. And for awhile the caliph was left unbound, lying on his back in the bashaw's tent.

Then the tent was torn from over his head. Men came running, bearing water skins. Gallons of icy cold water drenched the lieutenant governor of the province. Then his costly official cloak and turban and his undergarments were stripped from him, his gold mounted rifle bent, his wrought brass handled dagger broken. His official cloak and turban were torn to rags and the rags flung mockingly in his face.

A barber was brought, the caliph's head was held, his face lathered and his venerable beard roughly shorn from his face. To a Mohammedan this shaving away of one's beard is one of the deepest of degradations. It is done usually only to thieves and murderers.

Women's garments were thrust upon the man's body, and women were brought and made to dance around him, crying derision and pointing their fingers at his shaven chin. Twilight had come on the rough, heather grown hillsides. But it caused no halt of the

Barbarians of Civilization. Civilization is slowly ridding Africa of the slave trade and in one way improving the lot of its people. But the parties of white explorers who are now so frequently traveling from both east and west across the heart of the dark continent have brought hares as well as blessings.

Smallpox is at present killing, off whole tribes and villages in the country west and north of Uganda, and in Uganda itself beriberi, or sleeping sickness, is causing fearful havoc.

Sleeping sickness has long been known along the swamps of the west coast and has followed civilization up the Kongo into the Kongo Free State and so into the highlands of British central Africa. Up to the end of June last it had carried off no fewer than 20,000 people in the province of Busoga alone.

Moorish Revenge

Terrible Punishment Inflicted on the Caliph of Tangier.

How the Hill Men Resented an Insult to Their Tribe. Blinded With Red-hot Ramrods.

A strange story of outrage and revenge comes from Morocco. Caliph Abdel Harach, lieutenant of the bashaw of Tangier, insulted the beautiful young wife of Hamed Aseef, son of the sheik of the Fabs' village of Ambrohra, who had been imprisoned for the purpose of exacting ransom.

When the young wife returned to her husband after having paid the ransom, she told him of the evil that had befallen her.

"I do not know what we shall do, but I know that it is no wrong of



TORTURE OF THE CALIPH.

your," he said slowly. "I am afraid the law of the Koran will divorce us. I do not know. We will have to go back and tell the old men and hear what they shall say."

What the verdict of the old men was is not known. But when a month later the tax agents of the bashaw went to the Fabs' tribe village of Ambrohra the old men refused to treat with them, telling the agents that by the acts of his caliph the bashaw had sacrificed all right to rule them. This announcement could of course have only one result. Two days later the bashaw of Tangier and Abdel Harach rode side by side at the head of a company of soldiers to the village. The chiefs were summoned to the bashaw's tent. They told him that they had no quarrel with him, but so long as Abdel Harach was his caliph they would withhold loyalty. They recited to the bashaw the shameful story of young Hamed's bride. But the governor's answer came angrily.

"What sort of dogs are you," he demanded, "to dictate to me whom my officers shall be? The caliph shall remain. There he sits now. He shall sit with me and watch you bring your tribute."

"If that is he," one of the old men said, "then he must depart from the village at once. He cannot stay here."

"He will not depart," said the bashaw, "and now you go back and return in three hours to tell me what your final word is."

Without further word they left the tent. An hour passed. Suddenly the reports of guns sounded, and bullets whistled past the bashaw's tent. The Fabs of the village were descending, white with anger. They fell upon the governor's tent. To him they did no harm. They merely thrust him forth among his fleeing soldiers. He ran with them to the houses, and they all rode at mad pace away—all but Caliph Abdel Harach.

When he would have fled with the governor, he was seized, and sturdy hill men wrenched his arms behind his back, pinioning them there. For awhile other of the hill men stood upon the knolls, waving a laughing farewell to the governor and his men riding back to Tangier at breakneck speed. And for awhile the caliph was left unbound, lying on his back in the bashaw's tent.

Then the tent was torn from over his head. Men came running, bearing water skins. Gallons of icy cold water drenched the lieutenant governor of the province. Then his costly official cloak and turban and his undergarments were stripped from him, his gold mounted rifle bent, his wrought brass handled dagger broken. His official cloak and turban were torn to rags and the rags flung mockingly in his face.

A barber was brought, the caliph's head was held, his face lathered and his venerable beard roughly shorn from his face. To a Mohammedan this shaving away of one's beard is one of the deepest of degradations. It is done usually only to thieves and murderers.

Women's garments were thrust upon the man's body, and women were brought and made to dance around him, crying derision and pointing their fingers at his shaven chin. Twilight had come on the rough, heather grown hillsides. But it caused no halt of the

men who were fetching stones, which they piled on the spot where the bashaw's tent had been. On the stones they threw masses of brushwood, and this was fired. It blazed furiously for an hour in the gloom.

When the fire had gone down, the embers were brushed away. The things were taken off the caliph's limbs. He was brought forward. They hung him on the burning hot stones. He scrambled to his feet. Frantically he ran over the fiery floor and sought to break through the circle of men around the pile of stones. They hurried him back. There, with the mob jeering and the fiery stones stinging his feet, he could do naught else but dance, a dance of agony to the harsh music of mocking cries. Not until the stones had ceased to be burning hot did the frightful torture dance of the caliph end.

Meanwhile two men had made a charcoal fire close to the scene. In it they heated until red hot three ramrods. Then as the caliph lay moaning on the ground they blinded him. They did more. They touched with the red-hot brands the muscles and ligaments in his back and legs until they shriveled. The weird, tortured creature begged for a little water. Laughter answered the request. And, worse, they stuffed his mouth with dry dust. He became unconscious.

His horse, that stood bewildered without its master at the fleeing of the bashaw, had been captured. On it the unconscious, blinded, crippled lieutenant governor was tied. A whip fell on the horse's flank, and he galloped away toward Tangier.

In the night the white horse stood before the startled soldiers at the city's gates. Beside its neck hung the limp, helpless head and on its back the sprawled, crippled form in woman's garments of the little loved but greatly feared Abdel Harach, caliph of Tangier.

WOMAN RIDES A WILD ELK.

Exciting Dash on Back of Frenzied Animal, Clinging to Its Antlers.

Miss Emma Kellogg of Routt county, Colo., had a most thrilling adventure a few days ago. While in the hills one day she came suddenly on an angry bull elk. She had leaned her gun against a tree, and before she could get it the elk was upon her.

She took refuge in a sapling and tried to hold the animal's antlers around it, but her strength was not sufficient, and the elk broke away. Miss Kellogg took advantage of a moment's respite to climb a tree and sat on the first limb. This angered the elk more than ever, and he gave the tree such a bump that Miss Kellogg fell off.

She would have been stamped to death by the animal's sharp hoofs had it not been that luckily she fell on the elk's back. Then, with great presence of mind, she grasped the antlers and held on for dear life.

The elk was not expecting a development of this kind, and it tore through the woods terror-stricken, endeavoring to shake off its burden. Miss Kellogg, however, did not propose to be shaken, and she only clung the tighter.

Away they went, the crazed animal dashing through the trees with the



THE WOMAN GRASPED THE ANTLERS.

velocity of an express train. Up hills and across valleys the animal sped, jumping over the rocks with tremendous leaps that almost unseated the frightened rider.

Miss Kellogg was becoming weak from the terrible strain and felt that she must soon release her hold when an unexpected incident proved her deliverance. The elk had made violent efforts to dislodge the girl, and it was one of the animal's tricks to accomplish this which saved Miss Kellogg's life.

The elk darted through some thick brush where overhanging branches came low down in order to brush the rider off. But the terrified animal misinterpreted about its antlers and got caught in the branches. It struggled, but could not get loose, and it was but the work of a moment for the intrepid mountain girl to kill the captive animal by cutting its throat with her hunting knife.

In Coils of A Snake

Desperate Fight For Life In the Jungles of Dutch Guiana.

How an American Prospector Overcame a Huge Boa Constrictor—A Lucky Shot In the Nick of Time.

J. S. Hendrickson of Fernando, Cal., while prospecting for gold in the wilds of Dutch Guiana last year came near losing his life in the folds of a huge boa constrictor. Mr. Hendrickson thus describes his awful experience:

Leaving the camp to look for game to replenish our larder, I entered a jungle, my knife in my right hand to cut the entanglement of underbrush and my



THE SNAKE TIGHTENED ITS COILS.

shotgun in my left. Instantly, without the least warning—no rattle, no rustle, no grunt—I felt myself struck with some tremendous force that laid hold of my body with the grasp of a Goliath. The impetus of the attack carried me sprawling to the ground. I was in the coils of a boa constrictor. The snake had wrapped its long, sinuous arm about me and, with its tail securely coiled about a tree as an anchor, proceeded to pull in its prey.

A numbness seized me as the huge serpent tightened its coils. In falling, my knife was thrown from my hand. My shotgun fortunately still remained ready for use. Terrified beyond measure by this awful hand stretched out in death dealing embrace, the determination of despair came to my rescue as I thought of my two comrades waiting my return.

The boa in striking had lapped its body around me, starting about three feet from the head, so its horrible head swayed near my own and seemed to mock at my helplessness.

Every instant now was precious. I could feel myself slowly moving toward destruction. The serpent's hold seemed tighter than a rope around a windlass. It was an utter impossibility to release it.

Shuddering at my impotency, I raised my shotgun to my left shoulder, and with all the skill I could muster I aimed at the boa's wriggling body, hoping to break it in two by the force of the shot at such close range. The kick of the gun was followed immediately by a tremendous lashing and writhing of my tormentor, and I knew that my shot had taken effect, although where I could not discern till the smoke cleared.

Already glorying in my release, I soon found that I was reckoning without my boa constrictor. Although the No. 10 shot had torn its shattering way through the entrails, it had not severed the body, and the boa seemed to draw its now wounded body in a tighter grip about my fettered form.

Hitherto the boa, content with its terrible powers of constriction, had not menaced me with its teeth. Now when it knew its gripping power was fast ebbing away from the effects of the wound it came upon me with gaping mouth, which threatened new danger for me. But as I had drawn the first blood in the encounter with the slimy monster my courage seemed to increase.

It was out of the question to reload the gun. I scoured the ground for my knife. I managed to grasp it and struggled to my feet just as the hissing head, with mouth distended, made a savage lunge at me. In my overexcitement to bury the knife deep into the monster's head and put myself out of jeopardy with the first stroke I missed my aim, and the infuriated serpent bit my left arm slightly. With its wicked eyes gleaming it came at me again.

This time my hand was steadier, and I sank my knife into its head with telling effect. Again and again I stabbed the now weakening monster, gloating in my triumph as my antagonist's attacks decreased.

In a few moments more the fight was over, and I had completely severed the serpent's head from its crippled body.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

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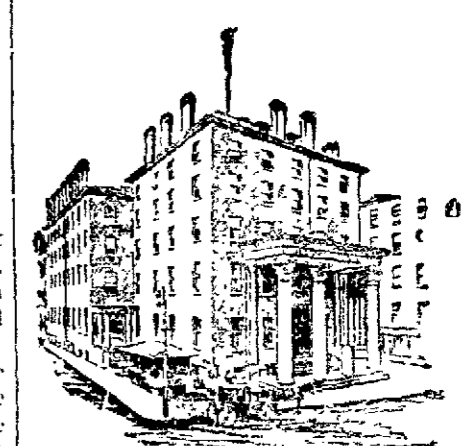
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